



fine nothing

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keeping saint monday

you can always hide in the idea
that no one cares
kick around the desert
waiting for some chin music
to come make it new again
when i think of the years
i think of a line across a page
to erase history & any love
that could gut a house
for good reason
my cold mouth in the wind
like a kite
as i return to work, park
under same hard shadow
where the ear of an organizer
got sliced by ambition
or the police, hard to say
though it's understood we should
just accept reality, ronald reagan
& mickey mouse are the same
after all, your kids will turn out
fine, unraped & voting
for the rich in the dark
the good life won't stop
for anyone
there are the tracks
& here is some rope
a rumor of piano
w/ keys of brick
in a cellar
to play for funerals
where we'll finally catch up
& pretend our labor
was our own
so that words are corpses too

& the sermon drones on
canning someone's struggle
like a democrat who won't win
we can play family
until it disappears again
or we can exit the grave
& become something else
just like that, a line across
a page to step over
& a stranger on the other side
to take us in
here, sit down
let me tear this fog
out of your chest

independence day

who made you einstein, monday-face
american standard is a brand of toilet
so i just start walking on water
out of respect for pangea
trash gets picked up
i mean if you're gonna be a nobody
have some class about it
shake up the pepsi
before you hand it to the scab
when the woodwork crawls out of you
don't come licking my step
because your leadership pills are gone
father of the year is taking questions
quick sip delivery nods in clouds
tell self-checkout i said hi
our bus is here
crack that baby open

dream

because i carry no hope
the moon smears itself
on the trees
like a dirty soda can
from another notebook

on the tip of my tongue
an old feeling's dream
i hate that word, "dream"
its glassiness of water
in pictures and nothing
under but tomorrow

what a rip, knot in my back
snowballing again
to replace my heart
w/ an amazon headquarters
and more yuppies begging
the super-rich w/ hashtag
phillydelivers

please come ruin our city
we promise to help you
tighten the cement
one isolated incident
after another

year one has begun
it is luxurious beyond luxurious
it fits in the overhead bin
it bites my arm off
and pulls me into the sewer
home of the employee-employer
relationship
i keep waking up here

i unroll my tongue
like a red carpet
for socialism
we discuss thirst
we discuss the pesticide
in the wheat
we discuss our service
to a revolving door

a movement of people
in the rust of waiting
walk out, mouths opening
like the hands of a clock
running away from each other

murmuration

you didn't used to be here
ghosted on
by a some-ness of a somebody
limping out of that billboard
for dead horse times
i used to make old walls
look new too
what a rip
to be just this one thing
louie louie
kids are coffee
'til it snows cashiers
from your severed heart
tell me again how
we should scatter into each
other like birds
so the brands
we'd kill for
fall out of us
like bombs of nothing
on the borderless world
owned by a fleeting chirp
that evicts capitalists
at birth
tell me again how
condos burned to the ground
last night
for what we will
like a soaked fact

injury music

when they say "nothing is free"
they mean "you work for me"

when they say "we don't condone violence"
they mean "you work for me"

when they cart you off the field on a stretcher
thousands of little boss-slaves cheering on
your pain

the super bowl of cheerios
in a sink

this complete breakfast
of losers

i wipe my mouth
w/ a napkin

everything is free

the anthem is a dead white prayer

silly string in the street
the day after

waterfalls are not
hair

states are not
stars

what flag are you
talking about

what do you mean by
"nation"

do you mean the bruises
all over your body

do you mean the people
who nursed you back up

who are you now
all washed up

done o'clock

if you need a reason
for this parade
finger the shredder
real jobs are waiting
listen to the cooler
who called you mopey
to the manager
hum unplugged in new york
to the fuzz on a leaf
the clock is purring
by a row of lyric i's
sitting atop a trash truck
feeding the birds
erase whatever you want
the polls are open late
and clint eastwood is stuffed
with comments
for the middle class
of nowheresville, new jersey
that fizzing can
gonna hop the curb
you can do it
you can stoop to my level

for what we will

you can stick a 7-11
right there
like nothing happened
the city flushes itself
all day
people couple off
like the poem's over
i got divorce flowers
for everyone
i got water
for the vase
you can tax the sun
you can mow the lawn
of little ears
peddled by squirrels
made of thanks
to hollowed earth
what "let" means
is the squirrel's anybody, all
squirrely, night splashing
onto stairs, keys
to love the bar's
emptiness
a subway entrance
in my bedroom
like a pillow
your scent barked home
in a shirt
a string whistled thru
utility's erotic
in defiance of
uniform
you can take off
what you need
you can lick your bowl

clean
for no credit
you can pledge allegiance
to the floor

injury music

the wound in the wall yawns
like a dead hero
w/ a sprained ankle
the cashier's voice on hold
w/ dead hero park administration
i would like to transfer funds
from your bank account
to my bank account
party city is waiting
the capital of the planet
wants to know
why i'm sitting on my ass
i wipe your kiss
off the pavement
and stare
how much ocean
do i want
how much abandonment
can i take w/ me
cvs never closes
pac-man collects unemployment
he looks straight ahead
i hold on to my fork

nightmare

because of the pain of your grievances
said the administrator
i will hide behind this brand
as if it were a shield
from the nightmare
that sustains my ego

anything you say

the ticks ticket you

i got a papercut opening a letter from a collection agency

they renamed the neighborhood "safety first"

they keep trying to isolate the brand from the workers

but what would make you scab on your own mom? i keep
asking

the dream of a clean machine runs all night

captain curfew will be signing autographs tomorrow in the
blue room

in the streets, they keep trying to isolate aesthetics from
politics

after the cops left, a man on his phone paced the block
hysterically, going off

one day my neighbors were all new, and i was the "trashy"
one

we're supposed to pretend it was nice once

homeowners like to leave their trash in front of our building

our building was our building when you called it the palace
on your way home from work

you were you like a wind that blew the hands off a clock

i caught your drift, it was a little paradise

your eye closed around me in the rearview mirror, and we
woke up fucking and smoked pot all day

the wind cries like a dog, coating my throat

that's one regret of the thieving automobile

another pet boutique has opened on the avenue

can you start right away

my neighbor got a new dog to keep her company

she found a tick on his back and gave him a bath

the city barks when i walk out the door

my face and memories are offered up as consumer choices,
so i say very little

a mouse nibbled on my spatula, so i threw it away

it's not important what you publish, it's that you publish

the dream of a clean machine runs all night

you tried every car door on the block, i watched you

i've been looking out this window for 10 years, and i haven't seen
any celebrities

utilities are not included, we're sorry

listen to the tires twist in the mist

unauthorized vehicles will be towed at owner's expense

open to page one of the dispossessed

the block party wedding erupts into a brawl

the dj sighs and packs up his shit

a kid grabs a beer and runs down the street

injury music

here i am documenting nothing
inside the defiance of brick
everyone cheats like a train
broken into photographs
rowhomes are a belief
sighed into knees
a bottle in front of me
is finally you as you
i'm afraid of
an empty baseball field
where i grew up
wanting to hit
tell me you're sorry
and i'll move on
like a moth
in the stands
the infinite line of trees
makes one fan
pull me out
of the car

nothing

i have to keep saying "nothing"
fine clothing is nothing
fine nothing, for example
any dust is fine
on faded spine
or creased in shoe, red
as dead love
my feet are on the ground
that's nothing
i've come here from somewhere
that's nothing
teachers used to say
you're nothing
but they don't mean it
like i do
the street is paved
it's nothing
you run from me
it's nothing
you come for me
it's nothing
i hold the you of you
so i can be paved and paved
like a city made
for nothing

fantasy

ask me about the labor of liking
a narcissist
and maybe we'll get to the present
which was whose idea
or my old foolish hope
that one moment of trust would
overcome the relentless branding
of every single person
that is the constant erasure
of difference
and therefore of commonality
that wherever you go in public
you're a customer feeding
another customer their status
and that you're expected to smile
for the camera
that that's normal
that celebrities are gods
who aren't worried about nazis
or the democrats who serve nazis
while chiding the working class
for not voting
for someone else's money
what would happen if we stopped
petting the newsfeed
what if there's a respect that's only
attainable through solidarity
and what if that solidarity is only
attainable in a street
where you cannot own or control
or manipulate another person
where there's no such thing
as a president
and presence means mutual aid
and what if this street made us

talk in new ways
and our words led to new kinds
of pleasure that we can barely
imagine right now
and someone said i'm searching
for a home that's not just a drug
at sunset
and what if we got addicted
to this street
like one can get addicted
to someone who fucks them right
and what if this addiction
started pouring from one street
to another to another
and the streets were full for days
and days that never end
and what if in these days all the pain
and betrayal and abandonment
in every single person's past
fed one strange collective ego
and in one breath
we stopped taking shit and got each other's backs
and we rose up like an ocean
and what if in this fantasy
that makes me breathless
at the thought of the end of being used
and the great release of pain
that would be so just
we'd have to make up a new word
for justice—what if even then
the zombie still wanted a cut—

the zombie still wants a cut
so i return my body to my body
to say what it needs to say—

you can use what i love
against me
you can kick my head
into the curb

you can use what i love
against me
you can kick my head
into the curb

you can use what i love
against me
you can kick my head
into the curb

you can lie into the mirror forever
you can use what i love
against me

you can gaslight the ocean forever
you can kick my head into the curb

you can gaslight the ocean forever
you can kick my head into the curb

you can have yourself
for dinner
you can have yourself
for dinner

the street will still be there
the ocean will be here
the language will be made
the people will be free

colophon

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